

Nick Cave & The Bad Seed

"The Good Son"

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One more man gone, one more man gone, one more
man

One more man gone, one more man gone, one more
man

One more man gone, one more man gone, one more
man is gone

Well the good son walks into the field
He is a tiller and he has a tiller's hand
But deeper down in his heart now
But he's lays down his queer plans
Against his brother and against his family

Yet he worships his brother
And he worships his mother
But it's his father, he says "Is an unfair man"

The good son
The good son
The good son

The good son has sat and often wept
Beneath a malign star by which the good son kept
And the night time in which he's wrapped
Speaks of good now and it speaks of evil
And he calls to his mother, and he calls to his father
But they are deaf in the shadows of his brother's
truancy

The good son
Well the good son
The good son
The good son

And he curses his mother, and he curses his father
And he curses his virtue like an unclean thing

The good son
Well the good son
And the good son

One more man gone, one more man gone, one more

man

One more man gone, one more man gone, one more
man

One more man gone, one more man gone, one more
man

One more man gone, one more man gone, one more
man

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